

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

FRONT PAGE

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. BANBORN, Editors,  
A. H. BANBORN,

THE MERCURY

Hawthorne H. T.

**THE NEWPORT ALMANAC** was published in August, 1779, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest extant newspaper in the United States, the oldest continually printed newspaper in the country. It is a large octavo volume of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—political, alike, and general news, well selected, up-to-date, and valuable services and household departments. Owing to so many households in this and other states, the interest given to this publication is very valuable to us.

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### NEWPORT'S GRAND OLD MAN



ARA HILDRETH.

### Local Matters.

#### P. O. Site Awards Approved.

The awards of the commissioners in the condemnation proceedings for a site for the new Post Office in this city were confirmed on Tuesday. The matter came up for a hearing before Judge Arthur L. Brown in the United States District Court in Providence.

The amount of compensation asked for by the three commissioners, ex-Governor James H. Higgins, Herbert L. Dyer and John H. Wetherell, was presented by United States District Attorney Walter H. Stiles, acting under orders from the Department of Justice. The commissioners ask for \$2000 and this amount has been declared to be too large by the Department of Justice. In speaking about the amount of compensation, ex-Governor Higgins told about the amount of work involved and cited other cases and the compensation paid in them.

Tracts five and six were not taken, the United States discontinuing its proceedings for condemnation. There was no objection to this action on the part of the owners. The following awards were made:

Tract No. 1—Charles M. Cottrell and Robert C. Cottrell, trustees, under will of Michael Cottrell, and representing 12 heirs; \$29,085.75.

Tract No. 2—Joseph B. Wilbor; \$2500.

Tract No. 3—Bradford Gay; \$1750.

Tract No. 4—Julia, Mary F. and Jerome P. Sullivan; \$5833.50.

Tracts Nos. 5 and 6—Mary Malone and Francis Oscar Lofblad, trustee, Government discontinues condemnation proceedings.

Tract No. 7—Charles D. Dadley; \$15,500.

Tract No. 8—William F. Springer and wife; \$13,500.

In the award on tract one, the commissioners say: "In justice to all parties involved, the commissioners claim it only proper to suggest at this time that, in arriving at a fair market value of these various properties condemned, they were aided very little by the local assessments, which appear to have been made many years ago, before certain improvements were made, have not been revised to keep pace with the growth of the city, and the increased value of real estate, and seem to bear very little relation to real value." The estate in tract one was assessed at \$13,500 and was held at \$50,000 by the claimant's experts and at \$29,085.75 by the Government experts.

There was a big meeting at the Union Congregational Church last Sunday evening, when a sufficient start was made in the raising of a fund for canceling the mortgage and paying off other debts to insure the reaching of the goal that has been set, so that plans were completed for the burning of the mortgage on November 22nd. At the Sunday evening meeting one of the speakers was Bishop James H. Darlington of Pennsylvania, who owns a half summer residence in Newport.

The season of Fairs is rapidly approaching. The Kingston Fair comes next after next and all the politicians are beginning to sit up and take notice. But it's at this fair that the campaign officially opens. The Washington County fair is followed on September 22, 23, 24, 25 by the Newport County fair which this year will be the best ever. The President, Lincoln Sherman, mobilizes a corps of assistants and rapidly putting things in shape for the fair.

The annual meeting of the State tax assessors was held at Rocky Point on Tuesday. The Newport assessors met in the motor boat of Tax Commissioner Lazarus W. Bliss.

Mr. George P. Rounds, who was severely stricken while at work last week, is considerably improved.

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# The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of  
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"  
"THE TEXIAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

In a land of class privilege and official graft it is often only in times of emergency that a poor man can get his rights. For eight months Hooker had battled against the petty intrigue of Aragon and the agents' influence, and then suddenly, when the times turned to war and fear gripped at their hearts, he rose up and claimed his own, holding out his bravely right hand and demanding the concession of his wife.

In a day the whirligig of fortune had turned, and it was the fighting man who dominated. He spoke quietly and made no threats, but the look in his eye was enough, and the agents gave him his papers. Then he wrote out a receipt for the mining tax and had stopped forth like a king.

With his papers inside his shirt and a belt of gold around his waist there was nothing left in Mexico for him. Once on his horses and headed for the pine and he could laugh at them all. In addition he could show little to Aragon, he could give answer for his trust and look the world in the eye.

It had been a long and strenuous fight; a fight made against seemingly insurmountable odds; a fight that had cost him much, but he had won. He had proved the trust Kruger had placed in him, and it had been a fight worth winning.

Yes, he was a man now—but his work was not quite done. Up at the big house, with the screaming women around her, was Gracia Aragon, and she owed her something for his rough words. To pay her for that he would play. Whatever she asked now his friends grant it; and if it were come to it, he would take her with him and make good his promises to Paul. He had given his word and that was enough. Now he had only to wait.

It would not be long, for the party would go to cover, and if the cowardly rebels surrounded the town to the bands he would make a break for the line and civilization with the girl. It would be a hard ride, and above all he would have no fear of the results, but the world change it goes with the girl rather than leaves her.

The day afterward, the brothers Alvarado, the superintendent, and Manuel del Ray, all were out on the hillside talking terms with Bernardo Bravo and his chiefs. With the rebels it was largely a bluff, since boldness had shown them to be short of cartridges; but they had over a thousand men massed along the ridge, and with courage could easily take the town.

But knew that courage was the only thing lacking. It was the one thing that was always lacking in these Mexican fights. The Mexican bandit takes but little chance when he goes to war.

As for the Monarchs and their Bonanza miners, they were properly rechristened at their whale of ammunition and sword by Santa Gundalupio to fight it out with hand grenades. Even as their leaders wrangled the Mexican powder men were busily manufacturing bombs, and all the while the superintendent was glancing to the south, for swift couriers had been sent to Alvarez, the doughty Spanish half-breed of the hot country, to beg him to come to their relief.

Twice before Alvarez had met the rebels. The first time he spoke them well and they ran off all his horses. The second time he named his Yaguas and Yagüe Mayo ranches against them and drove them from his domain, inflicting a sanguinary punishment.

Since then he had been looking to engage them in a pitched battle, and when the word reached him he would come. Two hundred and forty Yaguas, all armed with repeating rifles, would follow at his back, and even with his devoted thousands Bernardo Bravo could hardly withstand their valor. So with the rebels parlayed, demanding a ransom of millions and threatening to destroy the town, the defenders argued and reasoned with them, hoping to kill the time until Alvarez should arrive.

In the open space in front of the house the refugees gathered in an anxious group, waiting for messengers from the front, and as Hooker walked among them he was aware of the malignant glances of Aragon. There were other glances as well, for he had won great favor with the ladies by ditching the powder train, but none from Gracia or her mother.

But he did not have admitted that he resented this lack of appreciation on the part of Gracia. In fact he hardly knew that he did resent it, but he watched anxiously for any sign of approval from this girl who was to be his partner's bride should he conduct her safely to the border.

From the beginning the Senora Aragon had treated him as a stranger, according to the code of her class, and Hooker had never attempted to intrude, but if Gracia still remembered that she was an American girl at heart, she forgot to show it to him. To all, she was now the good Spanish lady, dinner with the common people by the sides of circumstances, but far away from them in her thoughts.

The conference between the leaders dragged on and messengers came and went with the news—their after hours of debate it broke up suddenly in a roar and the embers died back on the fire. Even at that they narrowly escaped, for the rebels opened fire upon them from the ridge, and before they could get back to cover the door. Manuel del Ray, received a

bullet through the crown of his hat.

A grim smile flickered across Bud's face as he saw the damage it had wrought, for he knew that Amigo was in the hills—and a bullet shot down hill goes high. Some trace of what was in his mind must have come to Del Ray as he lay in the shelter of the house, for he regarded the American sternly as Aragon spoke rapidly in his ear. But if they planned vengeance between them the times were not right, for a rattle of arms came from the lower town and the captain was up and away to reinforce his men to the defense.

So far in the siege Del Ray had kept under cover, patrolling the streets and plazas and letting the volunteers fight, but now the war had shifted to his territory and his forces were running like mad. For matching treachery against deceit the rebel leaders had sent men around to slip up near the town and at the first fusillade from the hillsides they came charging up the creek.

Then it was that the everwatchful rebels pored their wrath. As the rebels appeared in the open they ran to the bouldering houses and, fighting from the flat roofs, checked the advance until the rebels could come to their aid.

But in the confusion another party of rebels had rushed down the gulch from the west, and while the fight was going on in the lower town they found judgment in a big adobe house. And now for the first time there was fighting in earnest—the house-to-house fighting that is seen at its worst in Mexico. While women screamed in the casa grande and the Americans raced to and fro on the hill, the boom of a dynamite bomb marked the beginning of hand-to-hand.

If there was to do a casualty list in this long-drawn battle of Fortuna, the time was at hand when they could begin counting the dead.

With a fierceness born of long familiarity with explosives the Sonoran miners advanced valiantly with their hand grenades—taking powder cans filled with dynamite and studded with fulminating caps. Barging forward through wall after wall, they approached unopposed by the enemy and the first bomb flung from a roof, filled the adobe with wounded and dead.

A dense pall of yellowish smoke rose high above the town and as bound after bound was exploded and the yells of the miners grew louder with each success, the stunned invaders broke from cover and rushed helterskelter up the gulch. Then there was a crackling shouting from the Sonorans and more than one triumphant grenade swung its can of giant powder by the string and let it smash against the hill in a terrible detonation.

In the big house all was confusion. From the cheer of the defenders darted volleys and, in spite of all efforts to restrain them, the whiz of the miners rushed into the open to gain upon the triumph of their compatriots.

On the hilltops the ineffective rebel riflemen rose up from behind their stone wall, to stare, until suddenly they, too, were seized with a panic and ran to and fro like ants. Then, around the curve below the concentrator, a tall man came dashing up on a pure white horse, and behind him, charging as he charged, came the swarthy Yaguas of Alvarez their new riders gleaming in the sun.

Up along the hillside and after the fugitives they ran with狂暴的 eagerness, racing each other for the higher ground and the first shot at the rebels. First Alvarez on his white horse would be ahead, and then as they encountered rocks, the Yaguas would surge to the front. It was a race and at the same time it was a rout, for at the first glimpse of that encroaching body of warriors, the cowardly followers of Fernando Bravo took to their heels and fled.

But over the rocks to Calhuahuan, no matter how scared can be to outdistance a Yaguas, and the pop, pop of rifles told the hiss of the first luckless stragglers. For the Yaguas, after a hundred and sixty years of guerrilla warfare, never waste a shot; and as savages yell and the crack of a sudden rifle cut down from the rocky heights the men who had been besieged in Fortuna knew that death was abroad in the hills.

Father and father came the shots as the pursuit led on to the north and, as Hooker strained his eyes to follow a huge form that suddenly told him was Amigo, he was awakened suddenly from his preoccupation by the touch of some unseen hand. He was in the open with people all about him—Spanish refugees, Americans, truant miners and their wives—but that touch made him forget the battle above him and instantly think of Gracia.

He turned and turned back to the corral where Copper Bottom was kept, and there he found her waiting, with her arms all saddled, and she challenged him with her eyes. The sun gleamed from a pistol that she held in her hand, and again from her golden hair, but he saw only her eyes, so brave and daring, and the challenge to meet and ride.

Only for a moment did he stand before her eyes, and then he caught up his saddle and spoke soothingly to his horses. They rode out of the corral together, closing the gates behind them and passing down a gulch to the rear. All the town lay silent below.

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The dangers that lay between them and the American line. Dangers not for him but for her. In the hills and houses and on the encrusted-covered plain were thousands of men with whom she could not be safe for an instant, and against whom he must guard her that she might be delivered safely to Paul. And he loved her then as he had not believed it possible to love a woman. He loved this woman that he was struggling to save for another man, a "partner" who was at the best been reckless of every trust, who had been unfaithful to every promise. And across the border this man was waiting for the woman that Hooker loved. That he take her to him was a more severe test of his manhood than any to which he had been subjected. That he be untrue to the trust she repaid to him never entered his mind for a moment. With a strong man's love for her he thought only of how he was to conduct her safely out of the dangers which surrounded her.

Soldiers, Indians, and refugees, men, women, and children, every soul in Fortuna was on the hill to see the last of the battle. It had been a crusade, but bravely ended, and something in the dramatic sadness of this victory had held all eyes to the scene. Bud and Gracia passed out of town unnoticed, and as soon as they had rounded the point they spurred on till they gained the pass.

"I know you would come!" said Gracia, smiling radiantly as they paused at the fork.

"Sure!" answered Hooker with his good-humored smile. "Count me in on anything—which way does this trail go? do you know?"

"It goes west directly toward Arizpe," replied Gracia confidently, "and then it comes into the main road that leads north to Nogales and Gadsden."

"That sounds about right for us," replied Bud. "Gadsden's the place we want to head for, and we want to get there mighty quick, too. If there don't let us go, an' I guess that's what they'll have to do whether they want to or not."

They rode on together for some distance, the girl scowling oblivious of the dangers which surrounded her, and Hooker watching carefully for every sign of difficulty.

"What's there up there?" inquired Bud, pointing at a blinder trail that led off toward the north. "This country is now to us. Don't know abt it. If we followed that trail we'd run into them rebels, anyway, so we might as well go to the west. Is your saddle all right? We'll hit it up there—I'd like to strike a road before dark."

They hurried on, following a well-marked trail that alternately climbed ridges and descended into arroyos, until finally it dropped down into a precipitous canon where a swollen stream rushed and babbled and, while they still watched expectantly for the trail, the water had them in the broken country to the north.

So thinking he cut grass among the rocks, spread down their saddle-blankets and watched over the brawling horses while Gracia stretched out on the bed. After a day of excitement and a night of hard riding there was no call for a couch of down, and as the morning star appeared in the east she slept while Bud sat patiently by.

It was no new task for him, this watching and waiting for the dawn. For weeks at a time, after a hard day's work at the branding, he had stood guard half the night. Sleep was a luxury to him, like water to a mountain-sheep—and so were all the other useless things that town-bred people required.

People like Gracia, people like Paul—they were different in all their ways.

To ride, to fight, to find the way—

that he was a better man than Paul; but to speak to a woman, to know her ways, and to enter into her life—that he was no man at all.

She trusted to his courage to protect her, and that he could do, but it was to a man such as Paul she would give her love. Paul could not love her more than he did, but Paul's ways could be more attractive to her. His adventurous life with his father had not been such as to cultivate the little chaste that appealed to women. It was only his privilege to serve, but he gloried in that privilege now as he watched beside her as she slept, and his vigil but strengthened his resolution to see her safely through to the far east.

Beyond that lay comparative safety, but no man knew what dangers lurked between them and that cliff in the mountains. Do Ray and his rebels, or Bravo and his rebels, might do them. In fact, one or the other probably was there, and it as there would be a fight, a fight against heavy odds if he were alone, and odds that would be greatly increased because he must protect Gracia.

To the west and north rose the high, and impregnable mountains which had barred their way in the night; across the valley the flat-topped Fortuna threw their bulk against the dawn;

and all behind was broken hills and gulches, any one of which might swallow up armed men. Far ahead, like a knifegash between the ridges, lay the pass to the northern plains, and as their trail swung out into the open they put spurs to their horses and galloped.

Already on the mesquit-tree the meadow-birds were singing, and bright flashes of tropical color showed where cardinal and yellow-throat passed. The dew was still untouched upon the grass, and yet they hurried on, for some pronouncement whispered to them of evil, and they thought only to split the far east.

Though the Unites had turned to war, all nature that morning was at peace,

and they rode through a valley of flowers like knight and lady in a pageant.

The red grass rose knee-deep along the hillside, the desert trees were

filled with the tenderest green and twined with morning-glories, and in open glades the peacock and sand-

parrots spread forth masses of blue and gold.

Already on the mesquit-tree the meadow-birds were singing, and bright

flashes of tropical color showed where cardinal and yellow-throat passed. The dew was still untouched upon the grass, and yet they hurried on, for some pronouncement whispered to them of evil, and they thought only to split the far east.

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Established by Franklin 1812.

**The Mercury.**

Newport, R. I.

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Office Telephone 181

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Saturday, August 29, 1914.

The New Haven Company has laid off 100 men at its Readville shops.

The conclave at Rome for the election of the new Pope will begin Monday.

Next Tuesday is the first day of fall. This has not only been a short summer but a very disagreeable one.

Two months from next Tuesday the Fall elections will take place. We shall know then the peoples opinion of this Administration.

The President has gone to Corfu, N. H., for a few days rest. He has taken enough work with him to prevent my real idleness.

Villa, the Wilson pet bandit in Mexico, now insists that Carranza shall be eliminated from all power. Will Wilson again listen to his pet?

William R. Hearst aspires to be the Democratic Senatorial nominee from New York, but the Wilson element says no, and so his chances look decidedly slim.

When revenues under a miserable pretense of a Democratic tariff are falling fast, how handy it is to resort to an internal revenue tax and lay it to a European war!

A conservative estimate of men now under arms in Europe, says London Economist, "is that there are 9,250,000 men to be maintained." The question of food will soon be an important one,

Total wheat and flour exports last week amounted to 6,000,000 bushels and 1,144,000 barrels respectively. This compares with only 1,308,000 bushels previous week and 6,877,000 corresponding time last year.

The price of wheat is going up every day. It is now selling at 36 cents a bushel more than it was two months ago. It looks as though warring Europe had come to the conclusion that Uncle Sam would have to feed the armies.

Labor day comes this year just as late as ever, September 7. Consequently the schools get about two weeks more vacation than usual. The opening day will this year be September 14. This will doubtless please the small boy.

When the United States goes to buying ships belonging to hostile nations her troubles will begin. It is very doubtful if any of the warring nations will respect the neutrality of the flag floating on foreign bottoms.

War in Europe is still on, but the reading of the reports in the daily papers gives but little actual information as to the true condition of things. One day the Germans are ahead and the next day it is the allies. There is one thing certain, the destruction of lives and property is tremendous. What the end will be no man can foresee.

If this country had been enjoying the benefits of a Republican protective tariff for the past year and a half, instead of being under the Underwood Democratic makeshift, it would not now be confronted with the necessity for imposing the always hated internal revenue war tax in order to meet the expenses of government, and that, too, all because of a war in which we have no part.

Prices of most everything needed are high and going higher. Our Democratic stamp orators two years ago promised us all manner of low figures for the necessities of life. But has any one discovered any improvement in that direction while under the Wilson management? Now they say it is the war but as yet we have been able to export but little owing to the lack of ships. So they will have to have a better excuse than that. The real cause of high prices is the administration itself. It has semi-officially advised the Southern planters to hold their cotton and grain for higher prices. These same Southerners and Westerners have taken up with that advice and the eastern consumer has to suffer. Just now the administration is making a bluff at examining into the cause of high prices, and most of the shafts of inspection are aimed at the middlemen. The main cause, the southern planter, and the western grower, is entirely overlooked.

It is generally now conceded that there is but one prominent candidate for Governor on the Republican side and that is Senator R. Livingston Beckman of Newport. The Democrats are troubled with a multitude of candidates and the making of a choice is no easy matter. Senator Addison P. Munro of Providence is in the field and says he is going to stick till the last vote is counted. Theodore Francis Green, of Providence, last year's defeated candidate, wants justification and will try for it this year. Representative Albert B. West, also of Providence, says he will take the Governorship or nothing, while the received Col. Quin of Warwick is standing out in the shower with his hat off, hoping the gubernatorial lightning will hit him. Then there are the possible candidates, ex-Governor Higgins, Congressman O'Shaughnessy and ex-Representative Fitzgerald of Pawtucket, all whom have received "friendly" treatment. They rank well to the top of the field.

## Can we Take Advantage of this War?

In many ways the great war now going on in Europe must benefit this country for a time, and the probable change of the channels of trade will benefit it for all time. Europe will request large quantities of breadstuffs and meats and cotton and tobacco, and perhaps coal, and we are in a position to supply them all in more than the usual quantities, and with large share of the working forces of factories of England, France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia withdrawn from that work and sent into the armies, the demand for our manufactures must increase, both in Europe and different parts of the world formerly supplied by her factories.

In all these requirements we are unusually well supplied except as to meat, and of that our total exports will average above \$160,000,000 a year, while our supply of canned goods should enormously increase to meet the demands sure to arise.

The five chief cotton manufacturing countries of Europe are the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Belgium, and Russia, and all of them have withdrawn every available man from domestic industries and sent them to the battlefield, leaving the factories to accomplish whatever they can with women and children and the few men too old or feeble for war.

Of our total cotton exports of last year, amounting to 4,888,000,000 pounds, over 80 per cent went to the five countries now at war and drawing every available man from the factory to the battlefield.

So we need not expect a "hurry call" for our raw cotton, but more likely a call for our cotton goods, as well as other factory products, for the European factories of all kinds will be affected in the same manner as the cotton mills. This will mean not only a call from Europe for some of our manufactures, but a long call from the other parts of the world, South America, Asia, Africa, which have been accustomed to rely on European favorites for their manufactures.

But unfortunately for us owing to the unwise policy that has long been adopted in this country we have no ships to carry this vast commerce to foreign countries. Ninety-eight per cent of all our exports last year and in many preceding years was carried in vessels belonging to England, Germany, Belgium, France and Austria. All of which nations are now at war.

This brings us to a consideration of the question as to whether the bill to admit to American registry foreign-built ships, irrespective of age, will increase materially our own carrying-power. On this subject there is doubt, very grave doubt.

The door of opportunity was opened to vessels not over five years old by the Panama act passed considerably more than a year ago, and in that time not one vessel has taken advantage of the opportunity to get under the American flag by that process. And it is considered very doubtful if the opening of the door a little more widely by removing the five-year age limitation will add materially to our carrying power under the flag of the United States.

Hence it is that the question of how to get our merchandise to market is the acute one.

## Encouraging View.

Elbert Hubbard says: "Now is our chance to benefit ourselves by helping humanity. In all the history of the United States commercially, we have never had the opportunity that we have today. This has eliminated America's commercial competitors. The world is ours. I predict that for the next two years we will see a business boom in the United States the equal of which we have never before known. Every one will make money who works, and all may partake of the prosperity. The only depression that exists in America is in the big cities. The towns, villages and country are hopeful."

Governor Sprague in Paris.

(Boston Transcript)

One of the two surviving governors of the Civil War is again in his old age brought into relations with armed conflict of proportions likely to dwarf those with which in his youthful service he was familiar. Perhaps a majority of his fellow citizens at this time have not known whether he was alive or dead. Probably to the larger number of this generation his name suggests no interesting historic associations, but now in his eighty-seventh year former Governor William Sprague of Rhode Island has turned his fine and spacious apartments in the Rue de la Pompe, Paris, into a convalescent hospital for the wounded of all nationalities who may be gathered there. Mrs. Sprague's dressing-room has been turned into a hospital pharmacy. The costly carpets and rugs have been removed to make room for hospital beds, and it is said that though weakened by age and illness the governor, as he is still called, is taking a keen interest in this human service and is one of the closest students of war operations.

While the above article from the Boston Transcript is very appreciative of Rhode Island's ex-Governor, it is wrong in its facts. Ex-Governor Sprague has for several years been the sole surviving War Governor, and he has been by no means forgotten by the people of Rhode Island at any rate. Gov. Sprague was the youngest of all the War Governors as well as the most active.

Count White, former Russian premier, says that Russia can stand a war of 10 years thanks to her agricultural country and the ability of women to work in the fields.

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## Birds Destroying the Army Worm

The army worm pest has come and gone. Fields of grass, corn and other grain have been blighted and destroyed, and human ingenuity has been tested in the effort to cope with the infliction. Doubtless the number of the worms and the injury caused by them have been exaggerated, nevertheless great damage has been done in some localities in spite of all that could be done to check their ravages. A great quantity of poisoned bran was scattered about promiscuously, or sown in the trenches surrounding the fields. As a result, numerous army worms, many birds and some poultry were destroyed.

Entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture have recommended wholesale poisoning from time to time for cutworms and army worms. Others have followed them in this recommendation and the newspapers have published the means of defense far and wide. Nevertheless, this wholesale poisoning is unnecessary in the case of either army worms or cutworms as other methods may be used quite as effectively. Most State laws penalize the broadcasting of poisoned baits.

Mr. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, has already issued a warning against the wholesale use of poisoned bran and some of the newspapers have opposed it editorially, but without avail.

Nothing is more fully established than the fact that many birds from the dovecote fowl down to the chipping sparrow feed on the army worm. While examining the recent invasion of these insects, I found the following birds feeding quite constantly on them—the robin, bluebird, catbird, English sparrow, chipping sparrow, field sparrow, house sparrow, kingbird, red-winged blackbird, brown grackle and cowbird. The brown thrasher, red-eyed towhee, flicker and several others were reported feeding on the worms. These birds and the humble toad must have eaten great quantities, and in cases where birds were encouraged and where no poison was used, the results were plainly to be seen in the reduction of the army worm pest.

On my own farm at Wareham and on some neighboring places where about 10 nesting boxes for birds were put up last Spring, bluebirds were seen feeding on the army worms early in May. Other birds followed suit. No injury from the army worm was noticed during the season on my farm, and very little on the others, but 20 rods away the grass was eaten, and a quarter of a mile away the injury became serious, continuing over a considerable part of the town.

On a farm on the Island of Martha's Vineyard where poison was used freely, hardly a bird was to be seen and the owner admitted that the birds had been poisoned, while on the State game reservation, only a few miles away where no poison had been used and where many nesting boxes and birdhouses had been erected, birds were plentiful, and the worms although very numerous had done little serious injury.

The corn showed no noticeable damage. This may have been due in part to the hundreds of health hens on the reservation and in part to the number of small birds as well as to the intelligent use of non-poisonous methods to check the pest.

There was abundant evidence to be seen on all sides that the birds were flocking to the defense of the fields. The Warden thought that he had lost part of his oat crop, but he made no other complaint.

On the great State Farm at Middleboro where the pest had appeared in tremendous numbers, the Superintendent fought it without the use of poisons because of the danger to birds which were regarded as among the best friends of the farm.

It cannot be expected that our birds in their present numbers can entirely check such an outbreak as that of the army worm, but if we can avoid killing them by poisons and if we can increase their numbers they may be able to prevent the first increase which finally results in the overwhelming hosts that have attacked our fields this year.

Edward Howe Foss USA.

## Imported Goods.

(from Fiber and Fabrics)

The expense of a carefully planned and carried out publicity campaign is not small, but it is a profitable fixed charge, as most of those who have gone at it in the right way admit. The campaigns that have not proven profitable have been undertaken in a half-hearted way, with no recognized brains behind them.

The consumer will soon face a situation never before known to the present generation. It will not be many weeks before the stocks of imported goods in the United States will be cleared up, and then domestic mills alone can supply the demand. Millions of yards of cloth made in New England and the South, the Middle States and the West, will be found on retail counters marked "Imported," and under such circumstances it will be a wise expenditure for our mills to fix their brands and trade names in the public mind and thus force the retailer to deliver the goods.

There is a valuable asset in a trade marked fabric that has been properly exploited. So long as the standard is maintained such a fabric grows as a necessity and its name is the commanding feature that draws attention to it. Some distinctive design should surround the name as an attractive marking has a pleasant effect upon the prospective customer.

For a successful publicity campaign after the trade mark or name is prepared, two things are necessary. Sufficient money to carry out a sensible campaign and the right man to manage it. This combination is sure to bring results that will show a splendid investment on the cost, and no better time could be chosen than the present to begin an aggressive campaign popularizing American goods.

The war is going to shut out practically all imports of foreign goods and now is the time for our manufacturers to strike.

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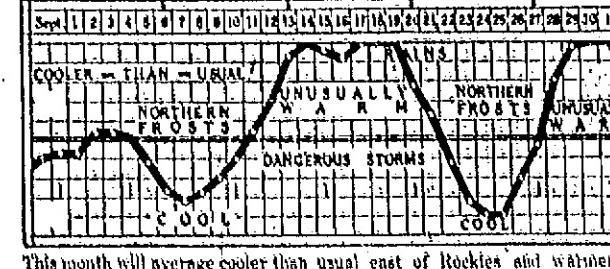
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**K AEROPLANE FLIGHTS**  
INGSTON  
**I SEPT. 8. 9. 10. 11. F**  
TUES., SEPT. 8, THE DAY TO SEE THE BIG EXHIBITS  
WED., SEPT. 9, SPEAKERS OF GRANGE DAY  
THURS., SEPT. 10, GOVERNOR'S DAY  
FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, CHILDREN'S DAY  
ALL CHILDREN UNDER 16 YEARS ADMITTED FREE  
FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, STATE FIREMEN'S MUSTER  
THIRTY COMPANIES WILL COMPETE FOR CABIN PRIZES  
EXHIBITIONS  
IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND  
**FREE VAUDEVILLE**  
RAVIOLE, LORNE,  
LOW RATES FROM ALL POINTS  
**FAST RACING**  
From Afternoon—Speed Track  
INCREASED PURSES AND PREMIUMS  
ADMISSION 60cts.

## WHITTIER BULLETIN.



This month will average cooler than usual east of Rockies and warmer than usual west of Rockies. Frosts will go further south than usual not far from September 7. Near 24th killing frosts are expected along latitude 40 deg. east of Rockies. General great fall in temperature near September 18 to 25. Unusually warm 12 to 20 and near 30. Severe storms 16 to 20. Heaviest rain 18 to 23.

Rains of this month will be greater than usual in all eastern sections of the continent, decreasing westward to Rockies. Many places west of meridian 90 deg. will be too dry for winter wheat sowing first of September, but an abundance of rain for that purpose is expected during October.

September rains will do some damage to northeastern spring wheat harvest and threshing, but will benefit the cotton in southeastern sections. Top cotton growth in September promises good. September grass will be good in northeastern sections.

Storm waves are expected to cross the continent, moving eastward and reaching meridian 90 deg. near August 31, September 4, 10, 15, 20 and October 2. Most rain as the cool waves come in not much rain as the warm waves approach.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs from St. Louis to St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Aug. 27, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, warm wave Aug. 28 to Sept. 1, cool wave Aug. 31 to Sept. 4. This will be rather quiet and of little importance.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 1, cross Pacific slope by close of 2, great central valleys 3 to 5, eastern sections 6. About like the previous disturbance except that the cool wave will go to lower degrees and a few widely scattered showers may be expected.

Second disturbance of September will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 7, cross Pacific slope by close of 8, great central valleys 9 to 11, eastern sections 12. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about

# ARMY PRESSES ON TOWARD PARIS GATES

Kaiser's Troops Continue to Drive Allies Before Them  
MORE HARD FIGHTING ON FRENCH FRONTIER

**Smashing Attack of Invaders Proves Successful For Third Time Since Great Battle Begins—Lille and Valenciennes, Vital Keys to Frontier Defense of Paris; Suddenly Capitulate to Enemy—Old-Fashioned Forts at Longwy; With but Few Defenders, Offers Shining Contrast by Resisting Advance Over Three Weeks—Paris Rapidly Being Menaced—British Marines Landed at Ostend—London Fears Zeppelins**

Another day of disasters has emphasized the inability of the allies to hold back the smashing German attack. Lille, Roubaix, Valenciennes and Longwy have fallen, placing the outer line of the French defenses. The British press butchur admits that the allies have again been compelled to fall back owing to the desire of the French military authorities to try to maintain a defense over too great an extent of territory.

This is somewhat blunter than the diplomatic phrasing of the British press bureau's dispatch, but no other meaning can be read into the statement that a certain change in position had been forced upon the British troops owing to the French operations extending over 200 miles of frontier. This is clearly an admission that for the third time since the allies joined in battle with the Germans, they have been driven back.

**Industrial Centers Fall**

The news that Longwy had at last succumbed to the German advance has been confirmed by the French ministry of war. No official admission of the fate of Lille, Valenciennes and Roubaix has been forthcoming, but it is generally believed in London that the great industrial centers have capitulated. In the case of Roubaix, the surrender is not surprising. German cavalry were reported in the city several days ago, and as Roubaix is an undefended town, the entry of a hostile force could not well be resisted.

But with Lille and Valenciennes, the mystery of the sudden capitulation of those vital keys to the frontier defenses of Paris is even more surprising than the quick silencing of the guns of Namur. Valenciennes had capable defenses; Lille was surrounded with bristling forts and ramparts presumably superior in power to anything in France outside of Paris itself and Toul.

**Worrying Aspect of Campaign**

Longwy was defended by forts supposedly out of date a generation ago, yet it resisted the German advance for twenty-four days with a garrison of but one battalion. Lille, thoroughly modern in its fortifications, seems to have succumbed after a battle that can hardly have lasted for over two days. Its twenty forts and batteries, covering a sweep of twenty miles about the city, can hardly have been battered into submission in so short a time.

The only possible conjecture that can be made in London is that the Germans have executed such a formidable turning movement to the north that it compelled the garrison to evacuate the forts and fall back to the second line of defense on the boundary. Even this explanation seems untenable and the fate of Lille is the most discussed and the most worrying aspect of the campaign.

No details of the new position taken by the allies has been given out in Paris or London. It is supposed that the defenders of Lille and Valenciennes have retired to the Cambrai-Liege-Cateau line, about ten miles west of Valenciennes. The defenses here are greatly inferior to those at Lille and Valenciennes.

**Longwy's Brave Defense**

The defense of Longwy afforded a striking contrast to the abrupt capitulation of Lille and the ease with which Namur was isolated. When the suspense of the war has been lifted, the resistance offered by this little antiquated fortress to an overwhelming force will stand out as one of the heroic features of the war. The bombardment of the little fort on the plateau overlooking the Chiers river began on Aug. 3 and has been continuing ever since.

Several days ago the great German army, commanded in person by the crown prince, enveloped the town on both sides, but the single battalion, fighting against scores of thousands, has battled valiantly more than three weeks. Over half the garrison has been killed or wounded. Practically no improvements have been made in the fort since the Franco-German war, although the fortress commands the great road from France into Luxembourg. It is not to be wondered at that Lieutenant Colonel Doree, the commander of the fort, has been promoted a colonel of the Legion of Honor for "courageous conduct in the face of Longwy."

It is possible that the situation of the allies in France is not so desperate as it appears. But from all information that can be obtained, the German attack is each day becoming more, slowly to some places, swift in others.

**A Disqualifying Report**

The statement of the French war

**Smashing Attack of Invaders Proves Successful For Third Time Since Great Battle Begins—Lille and Valenciennes, Vital Keys to Frontier Defense of Paris; Suddenly Capitulate to Enemy—Old-Fashioned Forts at Longwy; With but Few Defenders, Offers Shining Contrast by Resisting Advance Over Three Weeks—Paris Rapidly Being Menaced—British Marines Landed at Ostend—London Fears Zeppelins**

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The defense of Longwy afforded a striking contrast to the abrupt capitulation of Lille and the ease with which Namur was isolated. When the suspense of the war has been lifted, the resistance offered by this little antiquated fortress to an overwhelming force will stand out as one of the heroic features of the war. The bombardment of the little fort on the plateau overlooking the Chiers river began on Aug. 3 and has been continuing ever since.

**A Disqualifying Report**

The statement of the French war

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This is somewhat blunter than the diplomatic phrasing of the British press bureau's dispatch, but no other meaning can be read into the statement that a certain change in position had been forced upon the British troops owing to the French operations extending over 200 miles of frontier. This is clearly an admission that for the third time since the allies joined in battle with the Germans, they have been driven back.

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Longwy was defended by forts supposedly out of date a generation ago, yet it resisted the German advance for twenty-four days with a garrison of but one battalion. Lille, thoroughly modern in its fortifications, seems to have succumbed after a battle that can hardly have lasted for over two days. Its twenty forts and batteries, covering a sweep of twenty miles about the city, can hardly have been battered into submission in so short a time.

The only possible conjecture that can be made in London is that the Germans have executed such a formidable turning movement to the north that it compelled the garrison to evacuate the forts and fall back to the second line of defense on the boundary. Even this explanation seems untenable and the fate of Lille is the most discussed and the most worrying aspect of the campaign.

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The defense of Long

## BELGIANS USE DOGS TO HAUL GUNS

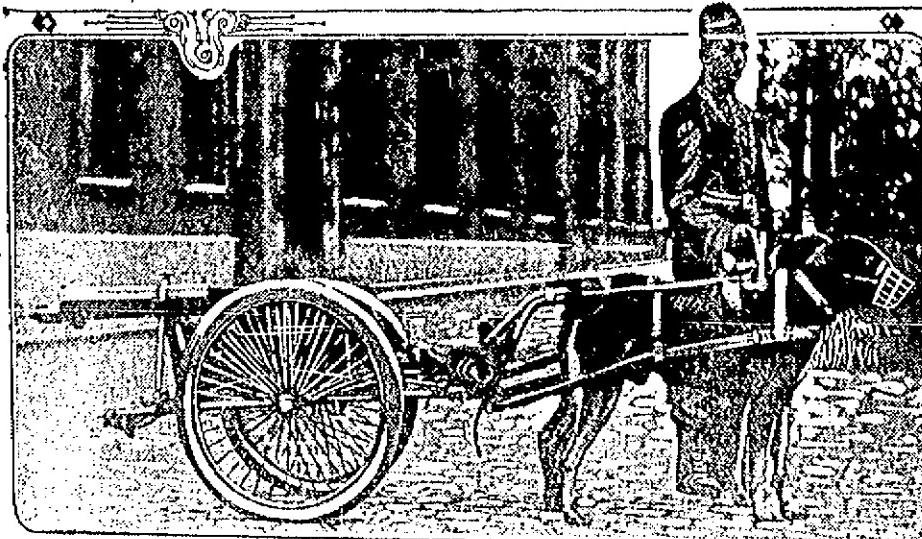


Photo by American Press Association.

## BRITISH ARTILLERY GOING TO FRONT



Photo by American Press Association.

## BRITISH BATTLESHIP CLEARED FOR ACTION

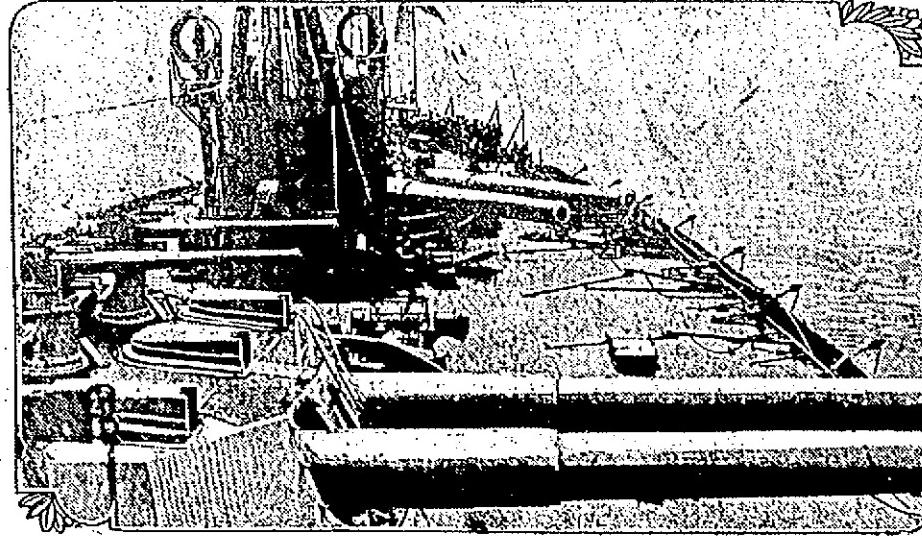


Photo by American Press Association.

## ENGLISH HEAVY ARTILLERY

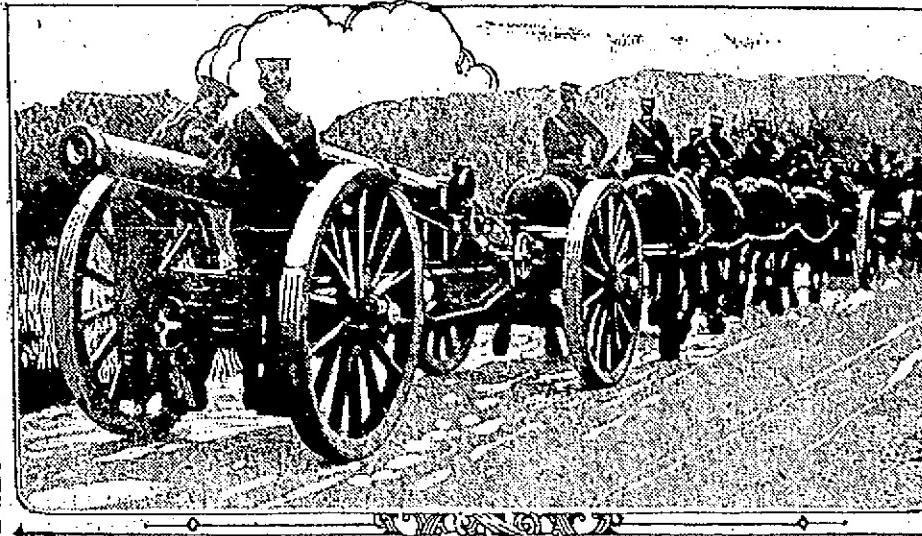


Photo by American Press Association.

## KAISER AND HIS SIX SONS



Photo by American Press Association.

## KING GEORGE REVIEWING SAILORS



Photo by American Press Association.

## GERMAN ARTILLERY AT LIEGE



Photo by American Press Association.

## REVIEW OF BRITISH TROOPS

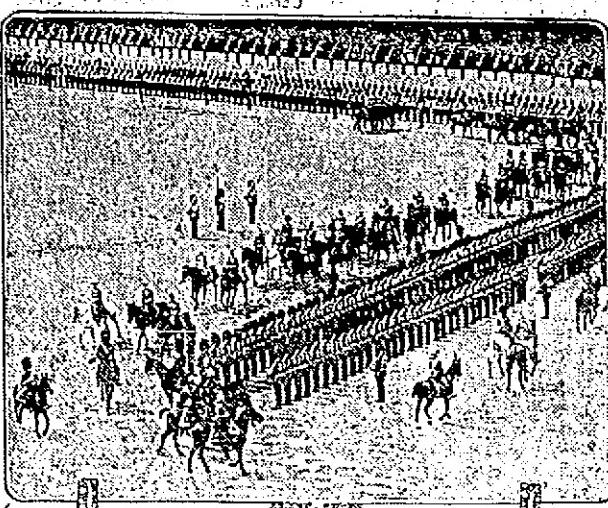


Photo by American Press Association.

## GOING TO FIGHT FOR FRANCE

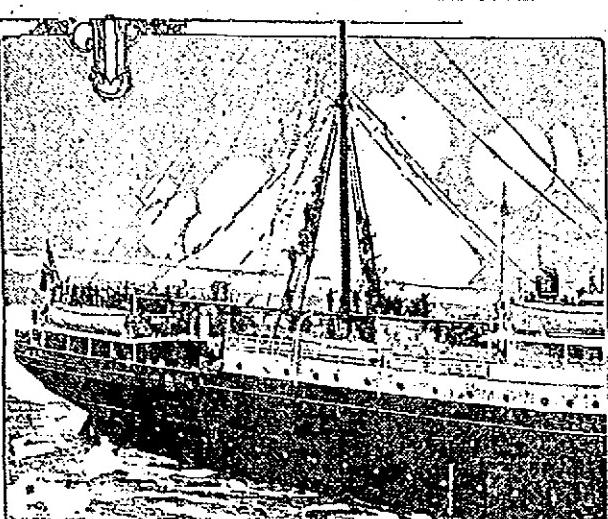


Photo by American Press Association.

## BELGIAN TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT

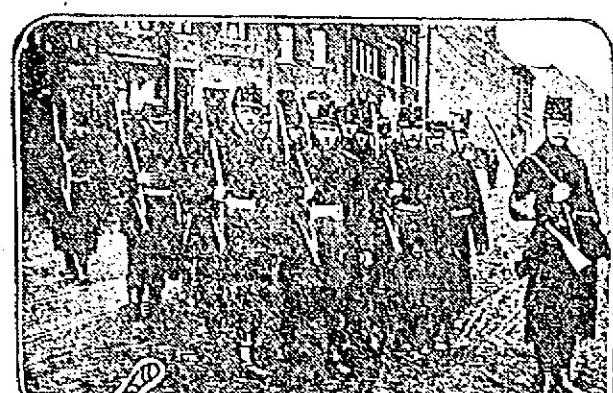


Photo by American Press Association.

## Pa's Solution.

"Oh, papa," called Willie excitedly, "there's a big black bug on the ceiling."

"All right, son," said the professor, busy with his essay; "step on it and don't bother me."

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.—Young.

## Curiosity.

"Pop, did you say a little bird told you I was naughty?"

"Yes, my son."

"Pop, was it a little bird with a tall tail?"—Baltimore American.

God educates men by casting them upon their own resources.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

## Mansfield's Humor.

Richard Mansfield's humor was often misapprehended for conceit. One night the company was playing under a tin roof upon which a sudden downpour of rain caused a terrible clatter. This startled Mansfield into exclaiming, "What's that noise?" "Rain, sir," was the answer. "Tell it to stop!" ordered the actor fiercely.—New York Globe.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charl H. Fletcher*

## French reservists sailing from New York for service against Germany.

## She Was Prepared.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the benevolent employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for rainy day."

"Yes, sir," said the earnest young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."

## Everything Lacking.

Personally we have met some men who if weighed in the balance would be found wanting everything, including the balance.—Galveston News.

Fraud and deceit are ever in a hurry. Take time for all things.—Franklin.

# PLEDGE TO POLES A MASTER STROKE

Czar's Promise of Freedom  
Averts Feared Revolt.

## FEALTY IS VITAL TO RUSSIA

Poles Treated With More Consideration by Russia Than by Prussia—People Have Cherished Bitter Grievance Since Change of Policy, When Object Was German Colonization.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Russia's declaration that Poles loyal to the Slav cause would be treated with the utmost consideration and that autonomy for Poland would result. The Poles form an important part of the czar's empire, particularly in these troublous times, owing to the fact that Russian Poland lies on the German frontier; and all the attacks of Germany on her enemy must be made on Polish territory.

The political experts of Europe have long predicted that this would be the first move of Russia in the event of war breaking out between that country and Germany or with Austria. The Poles of Russia have always enjoyed more freedom than the Poles living under the Kaiser or under the Emperor Francis Joseph. On the other hand, it has been predicted that should Germany become involved in international conflict she would shortly face an insurrection at home among the Poles.

First Annexed by Prussia in 1772.

The Poles, first annexed by Prussia in 1772, into the Prussians with all the hatred that characterizes a people oppressed by an overlord. The annexation was apostrophized as the "greatest crime of the century" by Baron von Stein, the great Prussian patriot.

The Poles in Prussia, afterward in Austria, were long treated with consideration. The congress of Vienna had decided that "the (Poles) nationality of the population must be respected, that their mother tongue must enjoy perfect equality with the German language, that they ought to have the right to compete for all the posts and dignities throughout the country and that, given equal abilities, they ought to be given preference for all public offices in the countries they inhabit."

To these promises the Prussian government remained faithful for more than two generations, so that when the Polish rebellion of 1863 broke out in the Russian province the Poles of Prussia held aloof. During the war of 1870 the Polish regiments distinguished themselves against the French. They marched, of course, under the Prussian flag, but sang their own patriotic hymn, "Poland has not perished yet."

Policy Changed in 1885.

It was not until 1885 that the Prussian policy toward the Poles was changed. On March 23 of that year an order was issued that no Poles except those owing allegiance to the Prussian crown might remain in Prussia after the end of the year. In 1886 the Prussian landing placed at the disposal of a government commission \$25,000,000 for buying out Polish landed proprietors and settling on their estates German "colonists." Bismarck then openly avowed his object of Germanizing these provinces.

From that time on the lines have been drawn even tighter. The Polish language was banished first in the secondary schools, then in the elementary schools. Even in religious instruction the language could not be used. In 1903 Polish could not be spoken in public meetings held in a community where the German population predominated.

## RELIC OF INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.

Railway Man Has Totem Pole Willed to Him by an Alaskan Chief.

There has been installed in a conspicuous place beside the door of the Great Northern railway office, 1134 Broadway, New York, a totem pole, in honor of one of the oldest Alaskan families. It was willed to General Agent Lounsbury by Chief Koynuk of the Lackshkaek clan of the Haidas tribe.

There are, or were, four large and important tribes in Alaska, the names of which in the Tsimshian language are Kishpoot-wutna, having for symbols the finback whale in the sea, the grizzly bear on land, the grouse in the air and sun and stars. The next clan, known as the Canadas, have for symbols the frog, the raven, the starfish and the bullhead. The Lacheboos had the beaver and the grizzly bear for totems, and the Lackshkaeks, the eagle, beaver and the bullhead.

The Indians point back to a remote era when their ancestors lived in a beautiful land where, in a mysterious manner, the mythical creatures whose symbols they retain revealed themselves to the heads of the families of that day. They relate the traditional story of an overwhelming flood which spread death and destruction. Those who escaped in canoes were scattered in every direction on the face of the waters, and where they found themselves after the flood had subsided there they staked out pre-emption claims and formed new tribal associations. Thus it was that persons related by blood were widely separated from each other. Nevertheless they clung to the symbols which had distinguished them.

Fixed Both Ways.—Please give me two bills for my host, one for \$10, to show my husband, and one for \$20, to show my lady friends.—Marguerite Blaffier.

It is too late to throw water on the ashes when the house is burned down.—Dutch Proverb.

Inductive and Deductive.

Deductive reasoning is from theory to facts, while inductive reasoning is from facts to theory. Deduction is sometimes mere dreaming, oftentimes very foolish dreaming, while induction is the safe reaching out from particular facts to general laws.—New York American.

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